

# DOCTOR • WHO

## EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

PART ONE

Tom Blakeney's doing what he loves best - playing with his dog, *Sammy*. They're *inseparable* - Tom's had the little cairn terrier since he was a pup, and both of them like nothing more than going to the park.

Here, boy! C'mon - keep up! You're getting *too old* for this, slow coach!

Woof!

But today might be the *last* time either of them do anything - *at all*.

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE

Oh! Come out of there... we'll *never* get home if you keep stopping to *sniff* around under every bush you find.

What is it, boy? What have you found?

**SNEE!  
SNEE!**

What's this then? It's just an *old stone*!

Wuff!

Funny sorta *stone*, though... why's it got a *hole* in the middle?

Yee-ikes!





Let it go!

SMACK!

Hey!



That's mine  
- I found it!

It isn't *yours* at all. Who are you, anyway? I'm the *Doctor*. Hi.



Tom Blakeney.

Vreeeeep!

Congratulations, Tom. You've found a *silicoid space-folder* from the planet *Omikros*.

Although what it's doing *here*, one and a half million light years away, I've no *idea*...



Hello, there! I suppose you found this, didn't you? It's got a really alien *smell*, hasn't it?

Woof!  
Woof!



What did you say it was?

It's *alien technology*, Tom. It's made from *stone* all right, but where this comes from stone is used like metal and plastic is on Earth. This is actually *one half* of a key which can *fold space* like a piece of paper.

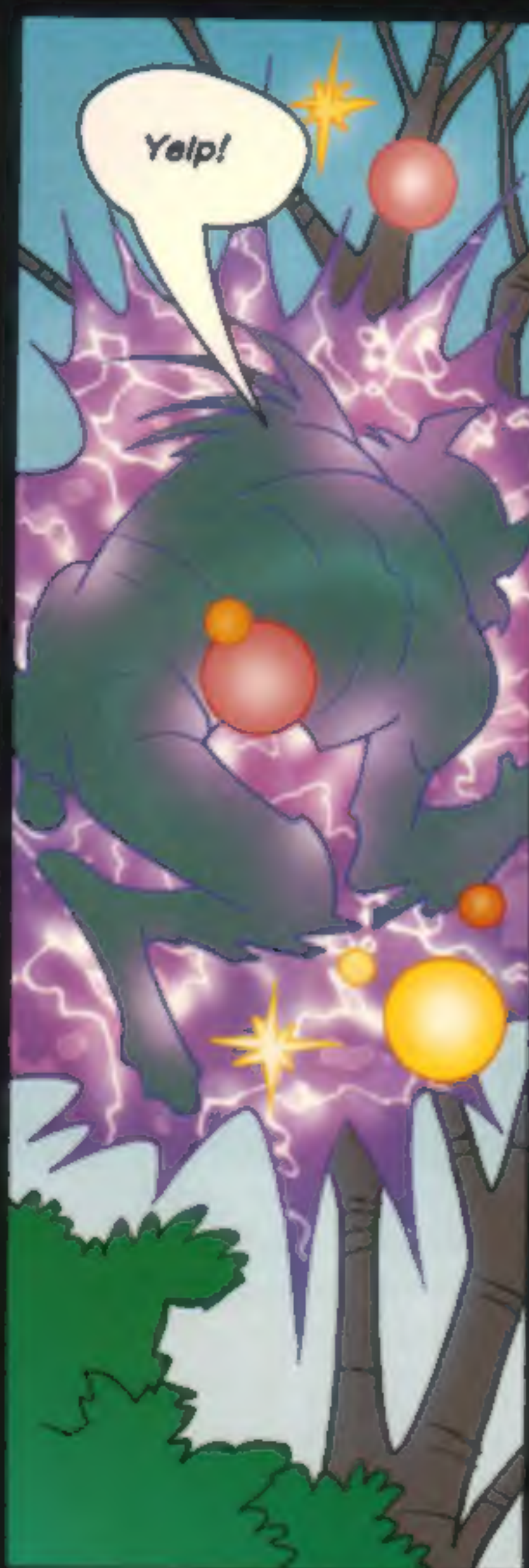
It acts as a kind of *bridge* - a direct link between two *different* parts of the galaxy. It's incredibly *dangerous*, too.



Question is - where's the *other half*? These things are useless on their own...

Hang on - Sammy's found something...









Do you mind if we think about it *first*? Surrendering the whole planet is a *big decision* to make.

Let me past! What's he done with *Sammy*?



Give me that *silicoid ring*!

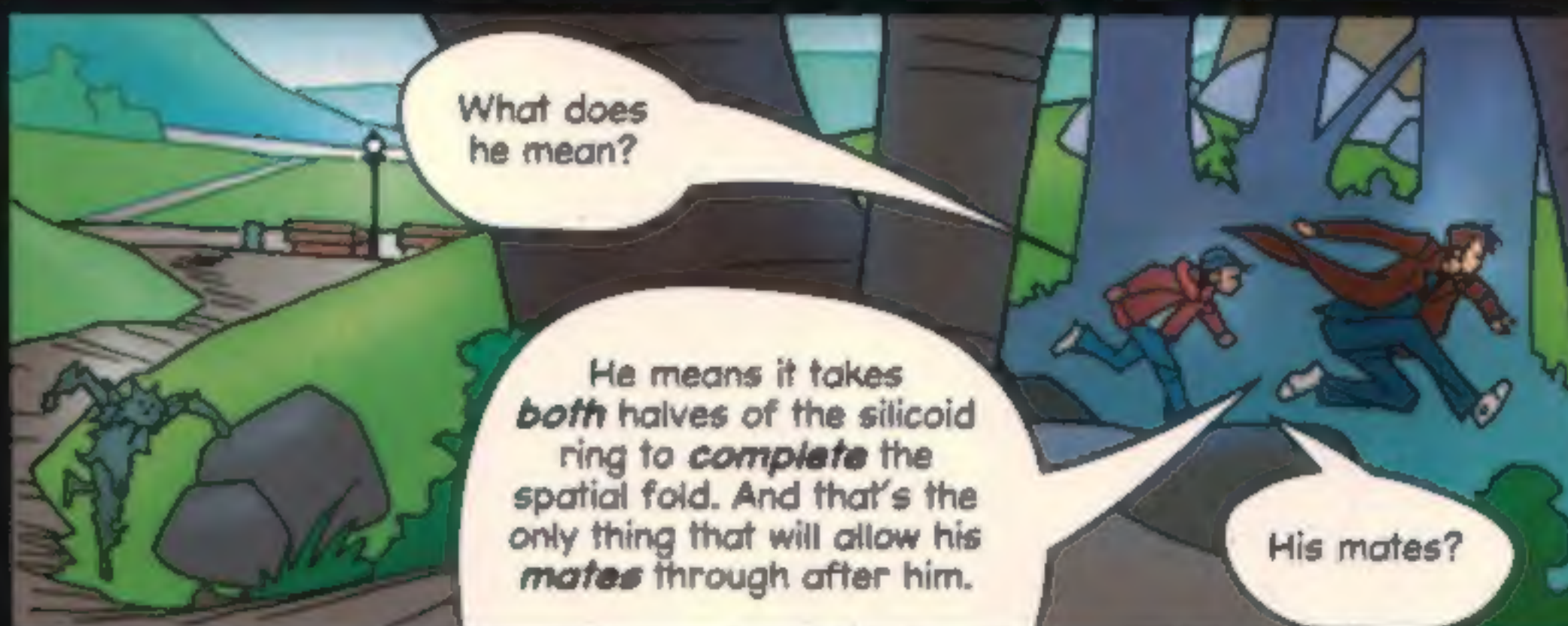
Sorry - *finders keepers*!

Let me at 'im!



Sorry - this is the bit where we *run for our lives*!

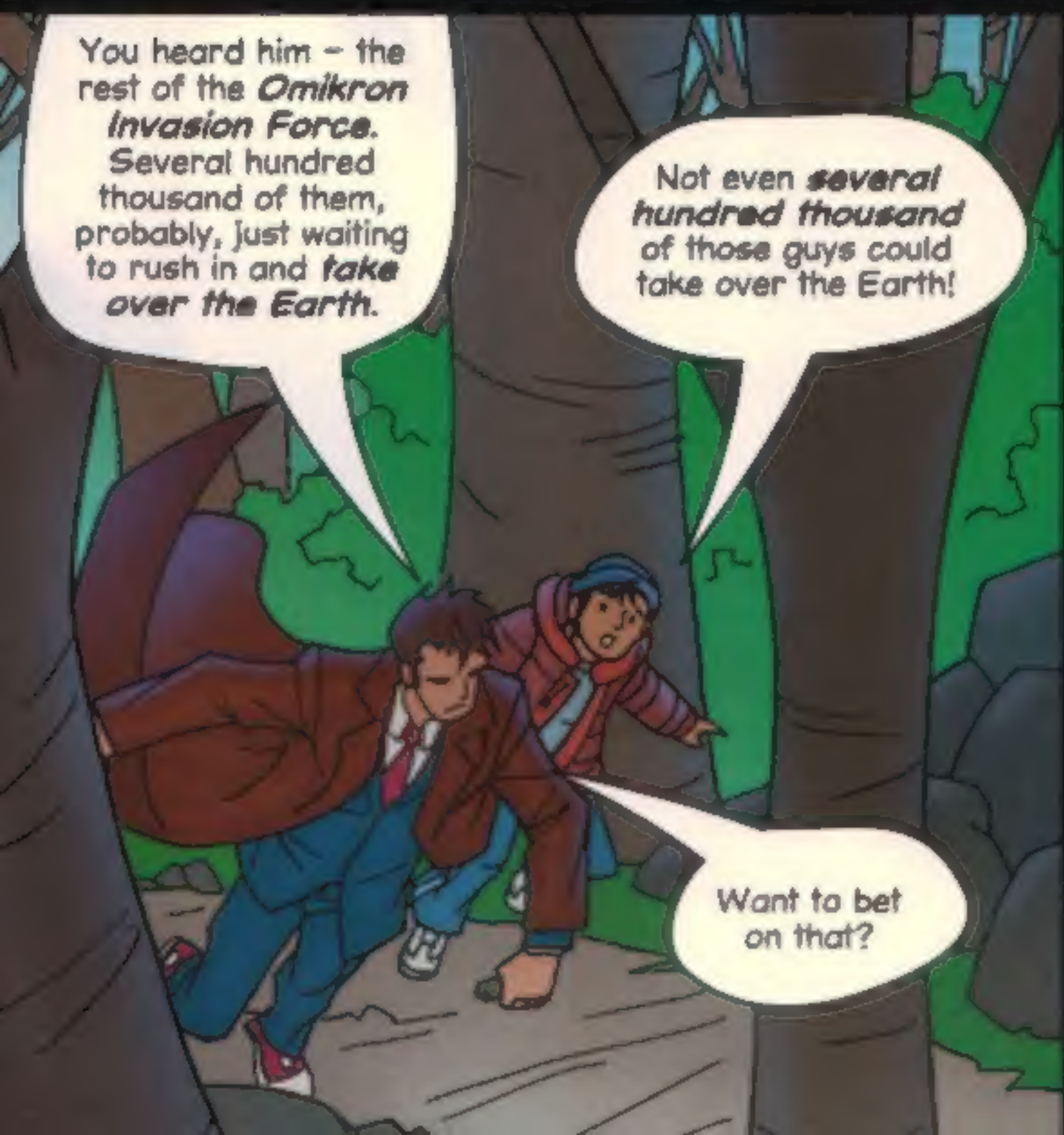
*Gah!* Give me the *ring*! I need it to complete the *spatial fold*!



What does he mean?

He means it takes *both* halves of the *silicoid ring* to *complete* the *spatial fold*. And that's the only thing that will allow his *mates* through after him.

His mates?



You heard him - the rest of the *Omikron Invasion Force*. Several hundred thousand of them, probably, just waiting to rush in and *take over the Earth*.

Not even *several hundred thousand* of those guys could take over the Earth!

Want to bet on that?



The Omikron are *past masters* at taking over worlds like this. They could finish off the Earth in an *afternoon* if we let them.

Then we mustn't let them!

That's the *right answer*, Tom. Problem is, our friend Ramadra can move pretty *fast* for a big lump of rock. I can't see him *anywhere*...





I'm right here!

And this is mine!

KRNNCH!

Oof!



Doctor! Are you all right?

No! He's got the rings! He *mustn't* join them -



- together!

SKSSSSHHHHHH!



The space fold *opens*!  
Come, my warriors!  
March forwards to your  
*destiny*! Claim the  
planet Earth!

We're *too*  
late! They're  
coming  
through!

INVADE!  
DESTROY!  
CONQUER!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWW!

CAN THE DOCTOR  
STOP THE  
INVASION? FIND  
OUT NEXT WEEK!